make the whole world dark and without a glimmer of hope.

She was in bed when Mrs Alcombe came into the room. "I am so sorry to hear you have a headache," she said, "I hope it's not the beginning of a cold."

"I . . I am sure I will be . . all right by tomorrow," Luella replied, "but my mother always said that if one had a headache, the best thing to do was to . . sleep it . . off."

"Now that's strange," Mrs Alcombe said, "for my mother always said the same thing, and it's what I've always adhered to myself. And goodness knows, I've had enough headaches with all these meetings to organise and so much to do for those poor primitive people in Africa."

"I am . . sure they are . . very grateful," Luella murmured.

Mrs Alcombe went into a long explanation as to why very few people appreciated what was being done for them. Especially, she added, if it concerned the soul rather than the body. When she finally left the room, Luella thought how bored the Duke would be if she talked to him like that all through dinner.

But she knew the one thing she could not do was to sit watching him. "If only we could be alone again," she thought. She longed for him with an agony that made her cry out from the pain of it.

It was only after she had eaten a little and the tray had been removed that she knew what she had to do. The Duke was downstairs, but she could not go to him. And if she did, what could she say? "I must go away," she decided, "and the quicker the better!"

When the maid came in and asked if there was anything else she required she said: "Please tell Mrs Alcombe I am going to sleep and do not wish to be disturbed."

" 'Course I will, Miss," the maid said, "an' I knows she's sorry, as we all are, that you're feelin' poorly."

"Thank you," Luella said. "You are very kind."

The maid left the room leaving only an oil-lamp burning on a table beside the bed. When Luella was certain she would not return, she got out of bed. Opening out of her bedroom was a large cupboard. There she found the small case that had contained Enrico's clothes. She thought she could easily carry it herself.

She placed some of her clothes in it and took the manuscript of her father's book out of the box which had not been unpacked since she arrived. Some of the articles he had written she also put in the small suitcase; enough to make the book the Duke had suggested. "I will call on Papa's publishers," she thought. "I must swear them to secrecy, in case the Duke should try to find me." She thought with a little sigh that was unlikely.

She told herself that if the publishers were interested in her father's book and articles, they would find her somewhere cheap to stay. Then she could discover, as she had meant to do when she came to England, where her father's relatives lived. "I am sure his publishers will help me," she thought.

By the time she had packed the case she heard footsteps outside in the corridor. She guessed it was Mrs Alcombe on her way to bed. If the Duke had